IN THE WILDERNESS.

A Day's Experience on the Skirmish Line in the Brush.

The Story of a Little Volunteer Scouting

A Fine Difference Between Warfare and Assansing tion by Which a Life Was Spared.

The Lenely Road and Dead "Johnny "-A

Confederate Charge.

Written for the Republican. Beating the bush for an enemy who does not choose to show himself until he can get a telling whack at you decidedly comes under the head of excitement. Pursuing this occupation in the jungle of the Wilderness, with no knowledge of the precise point from which the blow would come, yet knowing absolutely

deeper into the forest. "Mein, Gott! Vat a countries!"

Turning at the exclamation I saw a German member of the company extricating his long yellow hair from a bunch of briers, which held him up as Absalom was held up when Joab punctured him with his spear. He belonged to my small command of flankers, and as it was my duty to carry him along with the remainder of the command[I forced a passage to the place of his suspension.

"What the devil is the matter with you?" I inquired. "How did you get hung up like

"I shteps me upon von dree und gatehes mit mein hett!"

"I should think you had struck a box of to cut off a few of those amber locks. How

Leaving him to find his gun, which had disappeared in the dense undergrowth, I hurried on after the command.

Off to the left rose the ceaseless roar of the fight, so near now that the crackling of individual pieces could be distinguished, but as yet nothing was visible in front but a mass of foliage, low on the ground, with here and there the gnaried trunk of a tree rising like the shaft of a column to support the canopy above. The advance of our line was indicated by a multitude of local commotions on the surface of the matted undergrowth, as one can trace on a grassy plain the progress of a mole under-

At length, when we penetrated to a point on a line with the firing, word was passed along to halt, and so far as appearances indicated the forest was untemated, save by the creatures whose natural home it was. A few birds were visible, hopping about among the branches in a dazed sort of fashion, as if what little sense they had was benumbed by the awful voice of battle that rolled along the air in a great, un-

broken wave.

"This begins to get interesting," said Capt.
D., seating himself on an old log beside me.
"We are up to the line of firing, and every-

"We are up to the line of firing, and everything here looks as peaceful as a country graveyard. Have you seen anything on the right?"

"Nothing but brush and briers and—"

"Chug!-a-rug!—chug!—bang! whir-r-r-r-r!"
and a shell went flying through the trees, exploding with a tremendous report just behind the line and sending the jagged fragments whirling in all directions.

"Gott in himmel! vas ish das?" exclaimed my German friend, who had just come up.

"Only a shell, Dutchy," replied the captain, laughing outright at the look of pure amazement on the face of the man. "Lie allows, ar the next one may grind you up into down, or the next one may grind you up into sausage meat."

'Hey, captain! here's a road," called out "Hey, captain! here's a read," called out one of the men who had gone forward to do a little scouting on his own account, "and here's a dead 'Johnny;' he's been slashed over the head with a suber."

[In this ocean of shrubbery both the road

In this ocean of shrubbery both the road and the man were effectually concealed from our view until we reached the margin of the highway. It was one of the wood roads which afford the only convenient means of traversing the knotted and tangled surface of this section of God's foot stool. Originally but high more than a trail it was seen as this section of God's foot stool. Originally but little more than a trail, it was now cut up and indented with hoof and wheel tracks. There were no impressions of human feet, so it was evident that the force which had left these well-defined traces of their passage were cavalry and artilley. On the further side of the track, with his feet and lower limbs partly hidden in the bushes, and his mangled head resting on the pulverized red soil of the roadway, lay the poor relic of the fight. A powerful blow of a saber had riven a horrid gash in the top and back part of his head, and a pool of blood that glistened dully in the bright sunlight had gathered under the matted hair. His story of life was ended. In his dead brain the rattle and crash of the fierce struggle, on the verge of which he lay, awoke no answering echo. Prayors and tears may have followed him from some southern home into the maelstrom of baitle—and this was the only answer. was the only answer.

It mattered not to us that almost within a stone's throw the earth was littered with the fruitage of the fight, and the drooping leaves were clammy with blood; that was out of our sight, and we gave it no heed as we clustered about this lone, mute witness of the little tragedy that had been enacted here before the curtain was rung up on the great act now be-

ing played out so near us.

In this desperate campaign human lives were expended with a liberality that was simply frightful. Human bodies, fresh and in all stages of decomposition, could be found almost anywhere in the castern counties of the Old Dominion, and one wandaring should almost anywhere in the eastern counties of the Old Dominion, and one wandering about in the soft moralight might at any moment be confronted by a grinning skull or the dim tracery of a bleached human skeleton.

At the close of this same battle of the Wil-derness my regiment marched over a part of the field on which some of the flercest fight-

the field on which some of the fiercest fight-ing had been done. It was at night and we were compelled to pick our way through a body of troops who were stretched at full length in a brief rest among the unburied dead. As we passed along, here and there a head was raised from the ground to view the silent column moving by, and occasionally a curse was thrown at the owner of a foot which had inadvertently disturbed one of the exhad inadvertently disturbed one of the exhausted sleepers. Beyond these evidences of life there was nothing to distinguish the living from the dead. It reminded me of exneg from the dead. It reminded me of ex-peditions I had undertaken with boyish com-rades after wild plums, when, after having shaken the over-ripe fruit upon the ground, we culled the sound from the rotten, and found that what we took was but a small proportion of what we left.

portion of what we left.

The slaughter of a whole battle field is too large for the expenditure of a proportionate amount of the horror we experience on viewing the mangled remains of one individual. In the one case it is too great for concentration; in the other the view is smaller and the appeal more direct. From this cause, I imagine, proceeded the feeling with which we gazed upon the now nameless waif of humanity stretched in its blood at our feet. "A reb cavalryman cut down on the run," said Capt. D. "Look out, boys! there comes another shell!"

another shell?"

He had heard the report of the gun, and know the iron messenger would be but a moment later than the herald which announced it. We three ourselves flat on the dust of the narrow road as the missile, with a harsh shrick, passed directly over our heads and dashed into the undergrowth, where it exhaulted with a harm arrad.

ploded with a sharp crack.
"They are getting our range, but I don't think they can see us in this brush," observed

forward to the edge of the bushes and halt them there."
While the officer was scrambling through

the brush to execute his mission, the captain turned to me and said : "I don't like this business at all. Things are too quiet in front to suit me. We are far-ther ahead now than our own line of battle,

and if we once cross this road I don't think many of us will get back."

"There are your orders' though."

"Confound the orders! You don't think I'm afraid to go into their infernal line, do

"Oh, pehaw! It isn't a question of courage. You know that. So far as that is concerned, I'd rather be just now under my mother's bed, chawing gum, than to be squatting on this road here, expecting every moment to have three or four thousand 'Johnnies' on my and the pellows." back, screeching and clawing like hellions. "Hark! Did you hear that?"

The "that" was a tremendous yell from the left that rose shrill and clear above the deep toned roar of musketry, and it was immedi-

toued roar of musketry, and it was immediately answered by a ringing cheer.

"That's a reb charge. If they make ground we'll have to light out of this lively."

As a matter of fact we were in a critical position, and, though our action could have but little effect on the result of the battle, we were decidedly interested in the result to us as individuals. We listened intently for the retrogression of the firing in either direction. For a few moments it receded toward our that it must come from somewhere, we pushed For a few moments it receded toward our rear, showing an advantage gained for the confederates, but our line could not have

confederates, but our line could not have confederates, but our line could not have fallen back many yards when a defiant union cheer rang through the woods and the firing moved back to its former position.

The bushes behind us rustled and snapped, and a long line of flushed, eager faces peered out into the road.

"By George!" exclaimed the captain as he looked into the brave, expectant faces; "I've half a mind to put the boys in and go for that gun. What do you think of it?"

"What would you do with it provided you got it?" inquired Lieut. K. "It would take till 3 o'clock next week to get it through this brush; and I'll bet a dollar and sixty-three cents (this was the lieutenant's favorite 'raise') that gun isn't there without a good support."

support."
"I've got an idea," I volunteered, feeling "I should think you had struck a box of fishhooks," I remarked. "I guess I'll have to cut off a few of those amber locks. How do you like that, Dutchy?"

"Vell, gut him!" replied the phlegmatic "Vell, gut him!" replied the phlegmatic "Teuton, and I soon relieved him from duress."

"I've got an idea," I volunteered, iceling as proud as C. Columbus when he first slighted the lights on Guaushani; "send asquad down this road, and I'm a goat if they go far without getting all the information they can lug back here!"

"That's business," said Capt. D., "take as

"That's business," said Capt. D., "take as many men as you want and drive shead."

I had moved the appointment of the smelling committee, but had not expected to be selected as chairman. My idea did not seem quite as important as it had when I brought it forward, but as there was no such thing, under the circumstances, as a declination of the honer, I proceeded to carry out the instructions. Picking out three men, of whose quickness of eye and ear I had previous knowledge, I headed the procession and moved down the road.

"When you get back," were the captain's

moved down the road.

"When you get back," were the captain's last words, "we will be either here or in front of the road or behind it," and with this exceedingly definite information we parted.

A few paces to the left the track curved slightly to the rear. On both sides the shrubbery rose dense as a wall. Standing on tiptoe and looking to the right the eye glauced along a uniform surface of green leaves that quivered under the concussion of the air produced by the terrific firing. On the left, at intervals of a few paces each, the face of a duced by the terrific firing. On the left, at intervals of a few paces each, the face of a union soldier and the dark muzzle of his rific looked out to the front, but these evidences of the presence of friends served only to make the solitude more oppressive. The soil of the road was a dark, heavy red, as if saturated with veinous blood. The sunlight looked in on this trench out through the thick undergrowth with an unnatural yellow glare, and the shadows of the afternoon lay sullen and portentious inside their clean-cut borders. "Hallo! where now, lieutenant?" called out a guarded voice as we passed along near

out a guarded voice as we passed along near the left flank of our skirmish line. It was the captain of the other company on duty with us.
"Scouting for information. Have you

"Scotting for information. Have you seen anything down here?"

"Only a few wounded men of our's and one reb with a hole through his shoulder. They say our line of battle ends about a couple of hundred yards from here; right-over there"—pointings to the left—"and the Johnnie's line overlaps ours; but you can't see anything. The brush is thicker than hair on a dog's back!"

"Where does this road go?"

"It curves sharp to the front at that turn."

"It curves sharp to the front at that turn, he replied, indicating with his finger the point a few yards ahead, where the track seemed to run square against the bank of browse. "You'll find something around there easy enough!"

"Shall I send you back word when I find

"Oh! no; we'll hear you when you get there," was the significant response. At the turn we passed the last man, keeping guard with eye and gun on the narrow

passage.

"Now, boys," said I, "you've got to look sharp and act quick. You, Rowland, come with me. [He was an old deer hunter from the woods from the upper Delsware river, and his eyesight was as keen as that of a hawk]. Take that side of the road and I'll take its. The other two keen back five or six haws). Take that side of the road and I'll take its. The other two keep back five or six paces, and all of you go as close to the bushes as you can. When you drop on anything get a good look at it and dodge into the brush. That's all. Now, come on."

I need not deny that the service was of such a nature that I felt a little flutter of nervous-

ness, but the men with me I knew to be absolutely without fear, and to have betrayed the least desire to shirk would have brought upon me a disgrace which no officer would willingly court—the contempt of brave men under his command. There was, beside, an excitement in the thing which kept the pulse full and color in the cheek.

Stepping as cautiously on the red earth as if we were treading on a carpet of the finest lace, we moved forward. For a distance of possibly seventy-five yards the road ran nearly straight, and in this space not a living thing was in sight. Looking down that bare stretch of highway was like standing on the edge of time and gazing into eternity. The actions of my companion so interested me that after we had traveled a few yards I lost almost all sense of the duty we were on in watching him. With head well up, and his gun resting in the hollow of his left arm, he strode on at an easy gait. I noticed that he gave little attention to the road in front, but his restless eye was continually roving over the expanse of foliage to the right and left, darting from one point to another with the rapidity of a flash of light. Moving along apparently without the least tension of a musele, every sense, I knew, was on the alort. Not a Stepping as cautiously on the red earth as if every sense, I knew, was on the alort. Not a movement of the tangled vegetation escaped him. Even the canopy of branches and leaves overhead came under his surveillance. At intervals of about a rod he raised himself on his toes and swept a glance around as if he his toes and swept a giance around as if he would pierce even the secrets hidden by the interlaced brambles. Then on again, as vigilant as the dragon that guarded the golden apples of the Hesperides.

Before us the ground rose slightly and then dropped, the track passing over the crest like a broad red ribbon and reappearing on the next swell just before passing out of sight at the turn.

the turn.

"Ha! They're coming!" "Ha! They're coming!"
I could detect nothing in front, but I knew from Rowland's movements that it was no false alarm. He had backed halfway into the brush and his piece dropped into his left hand at a "ready," while his eye was fixed on the road where it drew its length over the summit of the ridge. I turned and looked for the others. They had disappeared, but I knew their keen eyes were not losing a single detail of the scene. Then I looked at Rowland. He was almost out of sight, and his hand was waving me to a place of concealment. As I drew back between the yielding stems, I thought: "These men are fitter to command me here than I to command them."

I raised the hammer of the Spencer car-

I raised the hammer of the Spencer car-bine which I carried and awaited develop-ments. It is an old, trite simile that moments They are getting our range, but I don't think they can see us in this brush," observed the captain.

"It's mighty short range," said Lieut. K.; "that gun can't be more than 300 yards away."

"Oh, I suppose their line runs out over there, and they're banging their shells in here to let us know they're on the look out for us."

creat of the slope were violently agitated, and a mounted confederate officer leaped his horse into the open space.

Rowland's piece came to his shoulder quick as thought, as he had drawn it on many a deer in the far off north, but before he pulled the trigger he leaked over at we for permission to trigger he looked over at me for permission to speed the death shot. It was a splendid proof of the power of discipline and self con-trol; and it was also a Providential dispensa-tion to the confederate, for Rowland never

In an instant a score of thoughts swepped across my mind: We were not there to kill, neccessarily, but to observe. To shoot would reveal our presence and perhaps defeat our own object. One man's life could not affect the struggle. It looked too much like assassingtion; and there ation; and then, he was a splendid specimen of physical manhood, and if I gave my con-sent to his taking off I should regret it for-

or physical manhood, and if I gave my consent to his taking off I should regret it forever. I think it was the latter sentiment which influenced the negative shake of the head by which I telegraphed to Rowland my desire that he should remain unharmed. If that officer is yet alive and remembers the incident, he may now know why the "Yanks" he met that day gave him his life. All at once the thought occurred to me: "Why can't we take him prisoner?"

The horse upon which he sat with the grace of an accomplished equestrian was a magnificent black, deep in the chest and light of limb as a gazelle. Not more than twenty-five yards away, while invisible ourselves, we had a view of them which enabled us to take in every detail. The horseman was looking intently along the road to our rear, as if he momentarily expected the appearance of a union column swinging around the curve. In his right hand he held a cocked navy revolver, while his left clutched the bridle by which the beast was governed.

With the above mentioned thought foremest in my mind, I called to Rowland:

"Shoot the horse!" and at the same time I slowly raised my carbine, selecting the broad

most in my mind, I called to Rowland:
"Shoot the horse!" and at the same time I
slowly raised my carbine, selecting the broad
breast of the animal as the best target.
At that moment the officer caught a glimpse
of the movement or the flash of the sun on
the piece, and bent forward for a better view,
at the same time raising his review, at the same time raising his revolver, with the muzzle bearing directly on the position I occupied. Before a further motion could be made the sharp crack of Rowland's rifle parted the air and the noble animal dropped as if struck with a sledge hammer. His rider was entangled in the furniture of the saddle, and appeared to be partly under him. "Forward, boys!" I yelled, "and bring him in!"

him in!

line, and upon reaching our own weak force we found the right, which was composed of my own company, furiously engaged with the confederate left, and being rapidly outflanked. Before any damage had been done, however, the woods were swarming with a body of our own troops, who came from none of us knew where, and we were relieved and ordered back to the regiment. When we had placed about a hundred yards between our selves and the relieving force, who were getting into line of battle, a halt was ordered for the warms of counting necessarily leading to the warms of counting necessarily described to the purpose of counting noses and locating the

"There'll be hell to pay here in a minute," said the captain of the other company. "Hadn't we better get a little further to the

"Hadn't we better get a little further to the rear?"

The words had scarcely passed his lips when the firing opened with a crash, and a storm of bullets came whistling and hissing through the forest. It is hardly necessary to say that the form of calling the roll was temporarily dispensed with and we made all the haste consistent with dignity to get out of range.

We found the regiment where we had left it, and were immediately surrounded by an inquisitive crowd, who insisted upon being made acquainted at once with all the particulars of the adventure.

"Five men missing, sir," reported the orderly sergeant, with a deferential salute to the captain, who was assisting us in disposing of a lemonade concected from two shriveled lemons which I had found in my haversack—the last lemonade of the season, by the way, until we reached the James river, more than a month afterward.

until we reached the James river, more than a month afterward.

month afterward.

"Any of them killed that you know of certainly?" inquired the captain.

"One, sir; little Miller. Shot through the head. I have his money and some letters we found in his pocket."

"Poor fellow! his troubles are ended. I'll write to his mother by the first mail that goes out. Tell the boys to get what rest they can; I think we will have more to do yet before night."

I lsy down in the shade of a bush and was soon involved in an able-bodied nightmare, in which I struggled desperately to escape from the hoofs of a gigantic black horse with a green main and red legs. Just as he had seized me by the shoulder with his gleaming white teeth, each one a foot in length, and was giving me a violent shaking, I came out of the deafness of sleep undergoing an actual shaking at the hands of the captain, while in my ears the roar of the fight mingled with the clash of arms and accouterments and the ominous order: "Fall in! Fail in!" J. R. I lay down in the shade of a bush and was

OWENTON, KY.—Dr. I. F. Mundy says: "I have found Brown's Iron Bitters one of the best tonics and prescribe it frequently."

THE WAR ON OUR HOG.

A Western German Paper on the Action Recently Taken by the German Govern-

Dr. Lachmund, of St. Louis, a microscopist of some prominence, in a communication to the St. Louis Westlighe Post of last Sunday gives the results of microscopic examinations made by him at two different pork packing establishments of that city during the months of January and February, 1883. His report is of considerable interest in view of the present stage of the war waged against Amepresent stage of the war waged against American pork upon the European continent. Dr. Lachmund finds about 5 per cent. of all hogs examined to have been infected with trichinae, and arrives at the important conclusion that fat hogs were found uniformly free from the infection, while all the parts examined and found infested were from tean animals.

In establishing A, as he designates it, he ine when diseased while the tongues of other hogs yielded but a small per-centage. The animals were of course selected at random. At establishment B, the exact reverse was the case, a small percentage being found diseased from examination of the periat random. toneum, while the tongues yielded the largest percentage, the total being also about are per cent, as at A. It seemed evident from this that the successful fattening of hogs is per as evidence of their freedom from the discuse, while hogs remaining lean and attacked by cholera symptoms must bear the odioupicion of harboring those dangerous little en-

emies.

Referring to the labors of Dr. Lachmund, the Westliche Post says, under the caption "Tho Hog War:"

"Germany has had all possible kinds of war; history knows of a cherry war, a pota toe war, a goat war, and the reader, therefore, need not be surprised at the supplicacions. toe war, a goat war, and the reader, therefore, need not be surprised at the superscription of this article. The history of the world's commerce will have to chronicle a hog war also. It has already commenced, though being but one-sided thus far. Germany has declared war against our hog from sanitary considerations. That is, it makes the German feudal lords and land owners sick to see the German people out cheap American pork, and for this allment there is but one physician, the government, and it has already found the right presscription for it.

"But there are other people behind the mountains and beyond the water; and Germany, which struck this blow so carelessly from pure love for its barons, must expect a

from pure love for its barons, must expect a blow in return, and it looks very much as if the blow were to be given back with interest.

"Back to your piness, men!" ordered Capt.

At length, when the sensation of suspense.

At length, when the sensation of suspense.

The last consultar report two of our contained to be given the last consultar report two of our contained to be given to be giv

risks, the bushes bordering the passage at the horrible adulterations said to be committed in Germany and Austria, and our good Uncle Sam will have no choice left him if he would protect his dear children against disease and death, but to prohibit merclessly some thousand and three odd articles, just as the American hog has been merclessly prohibited. in Germany; and the American consul at Nantes seconds him. He shows how French whies and liquors are made, or rather adulterated. True, we have endured these frauds from years without complaint—but now France too makes war upon our swine, and that challenges retribution; herea prohibithat challenges retribution; hence, prohibi-tion of French goods. Uncle Sam will prob-ably erect huge crematories at the customs ports similar to the "queen's pipe" at Lon-don, and then all adulterated wares will be burned. It will be a merry war. Victory will be with those who can stand it the longest; but upon the conclusion of peace America will probably insist that the German national council be condemifed to eat nothing for a whole month but the American national dish of pork and beans.

RAILROAD LAW.

A Suit to Seal the Constitutionality of the Illinois "Granger Law."

Argument was commenced in the supreme court of the United States yesterday in the important case of the Illinois Central Rai way company, plaintiff in error, against The People of the State of Illinois. This was a suit brought by one John M. Maris, in the name of the state, against the railway company, under an act of the state legislature passed May 2, 1873, entitled "An act to prevent extertion and unjust discrimination in rates charged for the transportation of pas-sengers and freight." The plaintiff alleges that the railway company charged him a higher rate on a quantity of sait shipped from Chicago to Tuscola than that fixed by the "railway and warehouse commissioners" appointed under the act above mentioned. The company admits the alleged over charge, but maintains that the state commissioners had no legal authority to fix rates for the transportation of merchandise over its road, and that the act of May 2, 1873, which assumes to give such authority is more approximately and the company of to give such authority is unconstitutional and void for the reason that it impairs the obligation of the contract between the state and the company embodied in the company's charter. The case was submitted to the circuit court of Douglas county upon an agreed statement of facts. That court held the act of May 2, 1873, to be constitutional and valid, and assessed a fine of \$1,000 against the railway courseny for the admitted violations. him in!"

We were all four in the road, dashing madly toward the struggling group, when out of the bushes came the head of a confederate column.

"Into the brush, every man of you!" I shouted, rendered almost speechless by this unexpected change in the situation. And as we dived into the shrubbery half a dozen bullets clipped the leaves about us. At the same time a rattle of musketry from the right and rear announced that Capt. D. had found something sufficient to make a report upon. Our chief concern now was to get out. This we did before the advancing confederate skirmish line, and upon reaching our own weak force

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A MARVELOUS STORY

FROM THE SON: "28 Cedar St., New York, Oct. 28, 1882. "Gentlemen: My father resides at Glover, Vt. He has been a great sufferer from Scrof-ula, and the inclosed letter will tell you what a marvelous effect

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

has had in his case. I think his blood must have contained the humor for at least ten years; but it did not show, except in the form of a scrofulous sore on the wrist, until about five years ago. From a few spots which ap-peared at that time, it gradually spread so as to cover his entire body. I assure you he was terribly afflicted, and an object of pity, when he began using your medicine. Now, there are few men of his age who enjoy as good health as he bas. I could easily name fifty persons who would testify to the facts in his case. Yours truly, W. M. PHILLIPS."

FROM THE FATHER: "It is both a a duty for me to state to you the benefit I have derived from the use of

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Six months ago I was completely covered with a terrible humor and scrofulous sores. The humor caused an incessant and intolerable liching, and the skin cracked so as to cause the blood to flow in many places whenever I moved. My sufferings were great, and my life a burden. I commenced the use of the SARSAPARILLA in April last, and have used it regularly since that time. My condition began to improve at once. The sores have all bealed, and I feel perfectly well in every respect—being now able to do a good day's work, although 73 years of age. Many inquire what has wrought such a cure in my case, and I tell them, as I have here tried to tell you, AVER'S SABSAPARILLA. Glover, Vt., Oct. 21, 1882. Yours gratefully, HIRAM PHILLIPS."

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Those who may wish to purchase, either as a de-licious beverage or for medicinal purposes, an un adulterated Whisky, are invited to make a trial o the celebrated brand.

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WILL ALWAYS MAKE BEAUTIFUL BOLLA Wholesale Depot Corner First street and Indians WM. M. GALT & CO.

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Stalls 615, 626, and 620 Center Market, Ninth-street wing, and 26 and 320 Northern Liberty Market, or address Box 71. City Post-Office Marketing delivered precicings in all parts of the city. Ernbelers' Guide.

BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD. THE MODEL PAST AND THE ONLY LINE THE EAST AND THE WEST VIA WASHINGTON. DOUBLE TRACK! JANNEY COUPLERS

Staunton, Sto a. m. daily, except Sunday, for Hagerstown and Frederick, Seb a. m., 1015, 4:5 daily except Sunday.

Trains arrive from the West daily, 629, 755 a. m., 255, 825 p. m.

From New York and Philadelphia, 255, 8:15 a. m., daily, 8:10 p. m. daily, except Sunday.

From New York and Philadelphia, 255, 8:15 a. m., daily, 8:10 p. m., daily, except Sunday.

From Saunton, 2:15 p. m., daily, except Sunday.

From Frederick, Hagerstown, and Intermediate points, 8:25 a. m.; Froderick and way stations, 8:5 a. m., 2:13, 4:10 p. m. and 7:25 n. m. daily, except Sunday.

Trains leave Balimore for Vashington at 4, e.6, dea, 7:10, 7:15, g. 2:6, and for the shington at 4, e.6, and 1:25 p. m. 6:11 s. 11 s. 2:6, and 4:6, e.7. 10, 7:15, g. 2:6, and 1:6 p. n. 10 p. and 2:6 n. daily except sunday.

All trains from Washington and Balimore and Onlo Techet Office: Washington station, 6:3 and 1:6 p. for further information amply at the Balimore and Onlo Techet Office: Washington station, 6:3 and 1:6 f. pennsylvania account for Vashington station, 6:3 and 1:6 p. for further information amply at the Balimore and Onlo Techet Office: Washington station, 6:3 and 1:6 p. for further information amply at the Balimore and Onlo Techet Office: Washington station, 6:3 and 1:6 p. for further information amply at the Balimore and Onlo Techet Office: Washington for Vasgange to be checked and received at any point in the city.

M. CLEMERY, M. Office of Further and C. K. CHESATEAKE AND OHIO Ballway.

CHESAFEARE AND OHIO RAILWAY THE NEW TRUNK LINE

THE NEW TRUNK LINE

TO THE WISST AND SOUTHWEST.

On and after SUNDAY, DEX EMBER 24, 1822 passenger trains of this route will leave Washington from E. & P. sintlen as follows:

4330 P. M. DALLY-Louisville and Chechmati special—Solis train, with Pullman Care to Lexington, K.y., Chechmati, and Louisville without emage, arriving at Lexington 240 p. m., Chechmati s230 p. m., Louisville 6, 80 p. m., Chechmati s230 p. m., Louisville 6, 80 p. m., Chechmati s230 p. m., Louisville 6, 80 p. m., Chechmati s230 p. m., Louisville 6, 80 p. m., Chechmati s230 p. m., Louisville 6, 80 p. m., Chechmati s230 p. m., Louisville 6, 80 p. m., Chechmati s230 p. m., Louisville 6, 80 p. m., Chechmati s230 p. m., Louisville 6, 80 p. m., Checkmaticological points of the Wess, Southwest, and Northus co. 81 p. m., and Northus and Northus 250 p. m., arrives at Northus 250 p. m., arrives at Northus 250 p. m., chilly except Sanday—Mant for all stations on C. & O. Hy east of Cliffon Yorge, For Rates, Tickets to all points West, location in Pullman Cars, and Full Information of Route and Connections, apply at C. & Dry Office, 613 Femnylvania avenue, Washington, D. By Office, 613 Femnylvania avenue, Washington, D.

THE VIRGINIA MIDLAND RAILWAY. THE TRUNK LINE TO THE SOUTH, SOUTH

Schedule in effect December 21 1822:

Schedule in effect December 21 1822:

Sig a. m.—New Orleans Mall, dully, making cless connections to all points south and Southwest, with Pullman Sleeping Cars from Washington via Danville 10 Atlanta, and Atlanta 10 New Orleans; also Washington to New Orleans via Lunchburg and Brieto!

200 p. m.—Louisville Fast Line, daily, via Charlottesville, Huntingsten, and Lezington, to Chuchratt, Louisville, and all Western points, maxing direct connections, and with solid train and Filliman Sleeping Cars. Washington to Louisville, and all Western points, maxing direct connections, and with solid train and Filliman Sleeping Cars. Washington to Louisville.

10:30 p. m.—Southern Mail and Express, daily, to all points Segith and Southeast, via Danville and Charlotte, with Pullman Sleeping Cars, Washington to August. G.

For all points on Manassass Division take 7:10 a. m. trein daily. except Sunday. For Wastrenton Ind. 19 and 19 a

m. Limited Express, 2:30 a. m. cand 1:30, 4:20 day,
For Haltimore, 6:40, 8:00, 0:30, 10:30 a. m., and 1:30, 4:20, 4:40, 6:20, 7:30, 8:50, and 10:20 p. m. On Sunday, 2:00, 2:30 a. m., 4:20, 2:30, 7:30, 9:30, and 10:20 p. m.
For Pope's Creek Line, 6:40 a. m. and 4:40 p. m. daily, except Sunday,
For Annapolia, 6:40 a. m. and 4:40 p. m. daily, except Sunday. For Annapolis, 6:40 a. m. and 4:40 p. m. daily, except Sunday.

ALEXANDRIA AND FREDERICKSBURG RAIL.

WAY, AND ALEXANDRIA AND WASHING
TON RAILROAD.

For Alexandria, 220, 7:00, 9:20, 11:00, and 11:25 a. m. 2:00, 4:20, 5:00, 6:00, 8:00, 8:00, 8:00, 8:00, and 11:30 p. m. On Sunday at 6:30, 9:20, and 11:25 a. m., 2:00 and 8:00 p. m.

For Richmond and the Souin, 6:30 and 11:25 a. m., daily, and 3:00 p. m. daily, except Sunday.

Trains leave Alexandria for Washington, 6:00, 8:00, 8:03, and 10:00 a. m.; 10:20, 12:00, 2:00, 5:10, 7:00, and 8:10 p. m., and 12:00 midnight. On Sunday at 8:00, 8:33, and 10:00 a. m.; 7:10 and 8:10 p. m.

Tickets and information at the office, northeast corner of Thirteenth street and Pennsylvania avenue, and at the station, where orders can be left for the checking of baggage to destination from hotels and residences.

J. R. WOOD, General Passenger Agent.

CHARLES E. PURIL, General Manager.

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ond residences.

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CHARLES E. PUGH, General Manager. Steamboat Zines.

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FORTRESS MONROE, AND THE SOUTH. Potomac Steamhoat Company's Popular

STEAMER EXCELSIOR.

Capt. R. E. Tull,

Leaves from Sevenih-street Wharf every TUESDAY and THURSDAY, at 5:20p. m.; and SATURDAYS, at 5 p. m.; and SATURDAYS, at 5 p. m.; stopping at Piney Point and Point Look-out, going and returning.

Connecting in Nortolk with Boston, Providence, New York, and James River steamers, and the Nortolk and Western and Seaboard and Roanuke Railroads; at Oil Point with the Chesapeake and Ohlo Railroads. Passage and rooms can be secured at Reed's Sous, 1218 F st. n. w. I Baltimore and Ohlo Ticket Office, 14th and Pa. av.; Sr. Marc Hotel, and at Company's Office, 7th st. wharf. Freshtt received dails until 5 p. m.

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The Elegant Iron Steamer, LADY OF THE LAKE, Will have her wharf, foot of Sixth street, every MON-DAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY, at 5500 clock PINEY POINT, COINT LOOKOUT, and FORT-

PINEY POINT, WOINT LOOKIDET, and FORF BESS MONROE.

CONNECTING AT NORFOLK WITH THE NEW YORK, BOSTON, AND PROVIDENCE STEAMERS.

Returning, leaves Norfolk Toesdays Thursdays and Saturdays at 5 p. m.

THE NEW YORK STEAMERS,

JOHN GIRBON and E. C. KNIGHT, leave Pler 4t,
Easi River, New York, every insturday at 5 p. m.,
and Georgetown every F. days at 7 a. m. For matheolars apply to Agent, 63 Water stress, Georgetown, Tickeis and statemonts can be secured at general
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O. ticket office, 1851 Pa. ave. 85. Marc. Hotel, and atbont.

ALF RED WOOD, Secretary.

Mt. Vernon! Mt. Vernon! STEAMER W. W. CORCORAN Leaves Seventh-street wharf daily (except Sunday) for Mt. Vernon at 10 o'clock a. iii. returning reaches Washington about 6.30 is iii.

L. L. BLAKE, Captain, CLYDES NEW EXPRESS STEAM PACKET LINE

PHILADELPHIA, WASHINGTON, AND

Washington Gas-Light Co.,

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CRUSHED AND ORDINARY.

PRICE OF GAS, if paid at the Company's Office within NEVEN DAYS from rendition of the bill, \$1.75 per 1,900 cubic feet.